

CENTER OF VISION



OCT.

Copley Society

Drawing Classes

For practice in figure drawing from dressed and nude models without instruction. On Tuesday and Friday evenings, from 7 to 9, dressed model for both men and women. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 9, nude model for men only. A class of women for drawing from the nude model will be opened during the winter. For circulars and terms apply at the Society's rooms, 198 Clarendon street, between the hours of 12 and 7.

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Center of Vision.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 1.

The CENTER OF VISION is published by the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, on the third Wednesday of every month during the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 10th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

Terms, 75 cents per year.

Single copies 10 cents.

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL PRINT.

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Retrospective.

Our little paper cannot look back with pride at a hundred years of glorious past, as can the Saturday Evening Post, and a few other notable publications. Our "glorious past," if we may be allowed the bull, lies entirely in the future. But we do feel some pride when we remember the long list of obstacles and difficulties that was forced upon us when the idea of such a paper was first conceived, and reflect that the CENTER OF VISION still exists. We sincerely believe that we were the

pioneers in applying the blueprint process to magazine printing. We love to laugh at our early efforts, which were crude enough, but we have, at least, disproved the assertion that the reason for our school's long existence without a school paper was because the pupils were too self-centred to support it. Now, however, the time for experiment has passed, and we hope, as we believe, that our confidence in the support of our schoolmates is not misplaced.

Inspective.

To begin with, we have an editorial staff composed of capable, enthusiastic, and faithful workers; we have a contract for printing with the Somerville Journal Press, which is famous throughout the country for producing some of the best publications known to the world of journalism; we have a contract for engraving with the Dobinson Engraving Company, whose artistic work for over forty papers is unsurpassed; we have the hearty support of our faculty and graduates; and, more than all, we have the confidence that you are with us.

Prospective.

We believe we can safely promise you that we shall continue to live up to the motto expressed in our first number, "Always improvement." We have many ambitious plans for the coming year, but to mention them all would overtax our space. We have asked some of our graduates, many of whom have attained high positions in the art world, to contribute articles, and we hope to publish at least one of these in each number. We shall continue to offer a prize for competition each month, but after this we shall concentrate our efforts to some special subject. We shall try to have a different design and color for our cover each issue. We believe that, with your support, the literary, artistic, and financial success of our paper is assured. Now, schoolmates, it is "up to you."



We feel deeply the loss which the art world has sustained in the destruction by fire of J. Ambrose Pritchard's studio and valuable paintings. We cannot but admire the artist who, though the fire consumed the work and savings of a lifetime, calmly gave up his long-cherished plans for Oriental study, and announced that he would be "ready for business Monday morning." That is the spirit we like to see, and it gives us a feeling of pride to remember that Mr. Pritchard is a graduate of our own school.

The results of our October competition, while not quite up to what we hope will be our future standard, were, in view of the lack of precedent offered, extremely gratifying. Many of the contributions submitted, while excellent in themselves, were refused because of inappropriateness. We wish to thank those who contributed, and encourage them to try again. The prize was won by the designer of this cover, who signed the nom-de-plume, "Jack." If Jack will make himself (or herself) known to the treasurer, the prize will be transferred.



Would you like a box of the school stationery? We understand that if fifty boxes are ordered, that a new lot will be printed, there being none on hand now. See Mr. Perry, of Class D.



The extreme dearth of cuts in this issue is not due to the fact that none were submitted, but rather to our determination to publish nothing but what will be a credit to an art school.



Owing to the size of the Freshman class, several changes have been made in the studios. Mr. George has a third section of Class A in what was the portrait studio. This has been removed to Mr. George's former design room, and the latter is for the present located in the small studio at front of the fourth floor.



The new course of lectures in the History of Education promises to be a welcome addition to our curriculum.



Now, schoolmates, once more we say it, this is your paper, and it is to be what you make it. If you see an article or a design in it which you think that you could improve upon, let the thought cause you to submit something better. The standard of our paper should be that of the best work produced in the school.



Whereas, by the Divine will of God, our classmate, Miss Adeline Rand, has been bereaved of her mother; be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the class of 1906, tender her our sincerest sympathy; and be it also

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in the

ETTA M. GRAVES,

FRANK M. GRACEY,

Committee.

The Mural Paintings by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library.

The mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library give the hurried and ignorant sight-seer a vague impression of beauty; to one who studies them closely, they bring a sense of satisfying fitness. The casual observer is impressed by the harmony of color and the lines of composition; the person of artistic training sees the perfect solution of a difficult problem, and a work of art that fills every requirement of taste. It is only when the purpose of the artist is discovered that the full beauty of these paintings is revealed. Chavannes' decorations show his consideration of the relation of these paintings to the place they occupy, his choice of subjects adapted to the use of the building, and his manner of treatment.

The expression of strength and fine proportion in the building itself is strongly felt in the grand stairway where Chavannes' work is found. The effect of the enormous wall space and its perfectly adjusted strength forces itself on the spectator. Anything that would interfere with this effect has no place in the decoration of the walls, but anything necessary to this effect is emphasized by the artist. A picture that separates itself from the walls, or that might just as well hang somewhere else, has no room here. Chavannes has used every device of color, values, and technique to make the decorations a part of the wall.

In the choice of subjects, the artist reveals a steady purpose. Philosophy, Science, Literature, and the Muses are subjects peculiarly adapted to the character of the building, but they are also chosen because their abstract nature lends itself to imagination rather than to incident or fact.

Although Homer appears in one panel, and Plato in another, a glance shows that portraiture is not the artist's aim. The blind poet suggests the field of epic poetry, and the great philosopher adds dignity to the panel called Philosophy. Natural scenery is used in several places, but only as a background, and so vaguely indicated that landscape, it is evident, is not to the purpose. The story of Prometheus is suggested in one of the panels, and figures are employed in all the decorations, yet it is plain that a picture with a story is not sought. Viewed separately, these subjects have little interest; together, and in their peculiar surroundings, they form a perfect whole. Meaning is not to be found in one part, but must be looked for in the whole grand scheme;

and the fact that the paintings keep their place on the wall is due, in great measure, to Chavannes' wisdom in thus treating his subjects.

Color, an important factor in mural painting, is employed in an unusual manner by Chavannes. The abundance of light from the windows, and the warm, delicate hues of the rare Siena marble of which the grand stairway is built, furnish sufficient reason for the high scale of color used. The necessity for keeping the paintings only an enrichment of the walls justifies the lack of a dominant hue. Had the artist used a rich, deep-toned color scheme, the panels would have looked like holes in the wall, or broken loose from their marble casing. Because of these limitations, the yet wonderful variety of color and its harmonious blending with surroundings show Chavannes' great power.

The pictures are rich in devices that add to their meaning. Large areas of color serve to rest the eye, and usually occupy backgrounds; while bits of bright color and tangles of light and dark hold the attention, and are seen in the prominent parts of a picture. Light, graceful figures against a dark background give beauty to a panel, as well as a suggestion of beings not earthly. The pictures called "Chemistry" and "Dramatic Poetry" illustrate this. In "Electricity," the two flying figures are the dominating shapes in the space. Their meaning, good and bad news, is strengthened by their contrast of tone, while their prominence in the picture is emphasized by the repetition of similar shapes in the lower part of the picture. The high horizon line and the broad plains and stretch of sea in the background suggest an idea of distance appropriate to the subject. Vertical lines carry the thought, as well as the eye, upward, and are peculiarly adapted to the panel named "Philosophy"; while a spiral line, suggesting movement, is equally useful in "Dramatic Poetry."

The problem set before the artist calls for the broadest view of the possibilities of art, as well as a perfect knowledge of its smallest details. No one can study these paintings without being impressed by the artist's grasp of his subject. The work at the Public Library shows mural painting to be one of the highest forms of art, and Puvis de Chavannes a master in its execution.—D., Graduate of M. N. A. S.



Through the kind loans of friends, we have received past numbers of the Radiator (Somerville), the Krishno (Toledo, O.), the School Life and Quiver (of Melrose), the Tech, and the Newton High School Review.

Don'ts for freshmen.

(AND OTHERS.)

Don't think that any previous art training you may have had will necessarily make your progress through this school one rapid triumphal procession. You may have to spend time forgetting the wrong things you have learned, that might be advantageously used to attain a foundation for the study of drawing.

Don't listen to the upper-classman who tells you that you do not need to work to get through Class A. Look up his Class A scholarship record before believing him.

Don't, because you are now an art student, affect a Bohemian atmosphere (whatever that is). Real art consists of hard work, not atmosphere.

Don't behave here as you would not think of doing at the school from which you came, just because our instructors hesitate to add police duty to their already heavy tasks. For the honor of our school, don't. And don't emulate the few frivolous upper-classmen who make a practice of doing everything but earnestly working.

Don't, if you fail to understand your work, hesitate to seek aid from your instructors. They are not ogres, but desire to be your friends.

Don't, however, be continually bothering them with questions which, with a little thinking, you could answer for yourself. You are not the only one with demands on their time.

Don't leave your certificates till the last few weeks. Begin them as soon as you can, or June may find you wailing, "Oh, for a little more time." Take the advice that has been gained by bitter experience.

Don't loaf a minute, but work, work, work, work! Recess is time enough for recreation, and the road to Success is paved with Improved Opportunities.

Don't give up trying when you find your work poorer than you had hoped. The probabilities are that you will only begin to succeed after becoming thoroughly discouraged.

Don't think that we are giving this advice merely to fill up space, or because we wish to scare you, but believe us that we wish you to learn from our mistakes, instead of waiting to learn from your own. This is a painful experience, from which we had no one to save us. For further advice at any time, address

UNCLE MARTIN.

Heard, Seen, and Guessed About Among Fisher-folk.

What need of a daily paper! For in every friendly call, in every business transaction—if the common needs of life may be so dignified—everything that has happened, is going to happen, or might happen, is discussed and enlarged upon.

Anybody's business is everybody's business. And any action not explained by the doer is profusely guessed about, or looked upon with suspicion.

In such a little community, nothing is too small to attract attention. And the window that looks upon the street is sure to be the most frequented corner in the house. And no piece of work is so important that it cannot be left—or taken along—to rush to the window at a moment's notice.

"It's goin' t' be a hot day. All the men folks've gone down to the landin' in their shirt sleeves."

"Ain't goin' t' be no frost to-night."

"Guess we're goin' t' have a spell o' weather."

Such are the comments on a warm summer morning.

The first sign of business is the milkman, who stops to measure out a half-pint of milk in a quart measure, a daily order for a solitary spinster, whose only aim in life appears to be to "know what's goin' on."

The most exciting events of the day are periodic—and also spasmodic. Namely, the departure and return of the "barge" which goes by way of the bridges to the nearest city.

Its "schedule time" for leaving in the morning is anywhere from 8.45 to 9.30—with an equal latitude in the early afternoon. And, as it goes rattling by, the number of passengers is carefully noted, and probable errand of each guessed at from each "window."

The return of the barge at noon brings the mail. And the little post-office—a tiny room partitioned off from the "department" store—is crowded to overflowing, while from afar can be heard the post-master's slow, irregular stamping, broken by occasional pauses. To take note of a postal? Or rest?

Then, as soon as the waiting crowd disperses, rewarded or disappointed, the information is transmitted along the way: "The mail is open."

The only other means of communication with the mainland is by the little steamer, the "Peter Wilkins," which blows its piercing siren whistle to announce its coming and departure.

But "Peter" is not very reliable—"subject to change without notice." And the question, "Is the 'Peter Wilkins' running?" is invariably followed by the reply, "Yes—if 'she' hasn't broken down."

Alas for the belated traveler who meets with this fate, when it is his only hope of reaching his happy home across the waters! The only alternative is the possibility of getting a friendly fisherman to "row him over," or make a long detour to the bridges, with night falling.

But if the only available dory is filled with household furnishings in act of being moved, and the owner cheerfully announces to a friend, "Five chairs, a table, all the pictures and rugs, and my wife and I. Not much room, is there?" you believe him. While the small boat looks like a sea-urchin—spines in air.

A wedding is an event of greatest excitement and surmise. The merits of each party are fully commented upon. Wedding presents, displayed on the table, are eagerly examined, and particulars as to the ceremony freely guessed at.

The ancestry on each side is carefully called to mind, and one may find that "her" uncle's brother's wife's sister (Mrs. Brown) was a third cousin of one's neighbor's husband's brother.

"You remember Mrs. Brown—she that was a Jones?"

Intermarriage is so intricate in its relationships that the "gossiper" must be well acquainted with all the branches of each "family tree," or she may give offense to her caller—a possible relative of the "gossipee."

Every stranger that comes among them must be immediately located. "Where they came from," "where they are stopping," and "how long they are going to stay."

The first day after the re-opening of the local school, a stranger entered the central store, and during the purchase was asked if she were "the teacher." On being answered in the negative, the storekeeper replied with assurance, "Oh, yes! Then you're Miss ——'s friend," but added apologetically, in excuse for his unpardonable ignorance. "You see, the teacher only came yesterday, so I haven't seen her yet." While the only other stranger in the community was the "friend" in question—whom it proved to be.

Thus they live their little lives, far from the hurry and worry of the great outside world, yet busy with their own industries.

Their pleasures seem trifling, yet they are contented with them, and they may be happier in their little circle of events, where their wants are few, than we in our ever-widening circle of opportunities and restless ambitions.—By the "Spectator."

Eulogies in a Maine Village.

Many of our pupils who have summered in or near York, Me., have doubtless explored the old First Parish cemetery. As a convention of the great, silent assembly,—

“The meeting of shadows where no man
Speaketh but all are still, and the peace
And rest are unbroken,”

this old cemetery possesses a quaint individuality, in keeping with the weather-beaten mansions, decaying garrison houses, and colonial relics. These make York a historical treasure trove, excelled by few towns in New England.

Since 1648 it has given rest to the dead, who, having shuffled off this mortal coil, now slumber within sound of the neighboring Atlantic. Many of its crumbling tombstones, their quaint inscriptions half effaced, are nearly smothered with moss and bowed by centuries. These sombre slabs of slate are fertile fields for the epitaph collector.

The forefathers evidently considered philosophy implied by the Shakesperian line:—

“What! dead three days, and not forgotten yet!”

York cemetery is rich indeed in past records.

The following lines recite the good qualities of one highly esteemed by his townspeople, who could not, however, free their tribute from gloomy theology incarnate in the theory of infant damnation. Thus:—

In memory of Edward Emerson, Jr.,
who departed on October 14, A. D. 1805.

Capacious was his mind,
Benevolent his heart,
Spotless was his character,—
Generous, humane, and just.
But, alas! how frail is man.

In an obscure corner some long-dead cynic slumbers, rebuking caustically the common vice of curiosity. One who clears away the brambles is rewarded with two lines:—

I was somebody;
Who, is no business of yours.

One Jonathan illustrates colonial ability to perpetuate meanness in terms intelligible to posterity. A model of its kind:—

Here lies the body of Jonathan Drew,
 Who cheated all he ever knew;
 His Maker he'd have cheated, too,
 But that his God he never knew.

[The average old family has a private cemetery recalling Indian wars. If the noble red men could not scalp a few live enemies, they sought satisfaction, when a newly-made grave was found, in mutilating the dead. Consequently, pioneers preferred to keep departed relatives within rifle-shot.]

For unusual expressions of grief and unique salutations to those who follow, the First Parish cemetery at neighboring Kittery is not easily surpassed. It lies on a rocky promontory, which reaches out into the Piscataqua like a great hand.

In an obscure corner is the rhymed effort of some poetically-inclined butcher:—

I lost my life in the raging seas,
 A sovereign God may do as he please.
 The Kittery folk they did appear,
 And my remains they buried here.

Upon a big gray boulder is a truly Hibernian and rather a casual memorandum:—

Bridget and I had two children dear,
 One lies in Ireland and the other here.

A roughly-carved cherub, closely pursued by a harpy of ferocious aspect, accompanies a misanthropic observation:—

Behold, all men, as you pass by,
 As you are now, so once was I;
 As I am now, so you will be,
 Prepare for death and follow me.

But the most "outré" of all is the epitaph for one who may have been an early Populist:—

Here lies the body of Walter Gordon,
 Mouth amazin' and teeth accordin';
 Stranger, step lightly o'er this wonder,
 If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!

"Risum teneatis, amici?"

—Narcotique.

Class Notes.

1904.

We desire that the Senior class should realize its responsibility in regard to the CENTER OF VISION. As a school paper, and, moreover, an art school paper, it should contain the best work that the school can produce. And where is that to be found, if not in the Senior class?

Who will design a heading for this column? A design, 8x2, if both artistic and appropriate, would be a decided addition.

Now the members of the Public School class begin to assume a little more dignity. In a few short months they hope to become full-fledged schoolmarms.

To find pupils really serious and earnest in their work visit advanced C; but don't stay long.

Question: Will the Senior class follow the usual custom and give a reception to Class A?

1905.

Wanted: Pupils of the Junior class to submit more designs and articles to the CENTER OF VISION.

Moved: That a public watch be hung in a certain studio to answer the oft-repeated question: "Say, what time is it?" Most frequent as the time for the bells approach.

The irony of signs:—

"H. M. Constalk—Groceries" (rather dry eating).

"Woodruff and Poor—Lumber Dealers" (bad material for a house).

Distress in the studios. Recess bell ten minutes late.

Wanted: Warmed paving stones for delicate sketch-seeking students. Also blinders for all inquisitive passers-by.

Only the brave deserve an E. Also, incidentally, only the hard workers.

Remarks frequently heard the first week of school: "Did you do any sketching this vacation?" "Oh, let me see, please." "Isn't that fine!" "How could you do it?"

1906.

We rejoice that Bible study has been added to our studies. Good Samaritans spring from many dreary waysides, and Job's friends are much in evidence.

Class B has come down a flight. The lower, the higher, and the higher, the lower. (Sometimes.)

Up under the roof are about a dozen of our class waiting for February. Waiting does not occupy all their time, for sometimes they have been known to work.

Awful discovery: "You're sitting on my palette, and it's all covered with fresh paint." Consternation.

Modeling in clay has its advantages. Material once used is not spoiled forever.

As we said before, "Just keep your eye on foxy little Ritchie." His latest innovation is "Chinese checkers," a game to be played as an accompaniment to eating.

Have you paid up your subscription yet? If not, look out. Br'er Watson will be after you.

We hear that an '06 hockey team is already being organized. Do you play?

1907.

At last farewell to the boxes; let us hope we have profited by their patient persistency.

If you don't feel like working, don't prevent others who do.

Wild quest for "trying angles" and "teasing squares" before a lecture. Hope the searcher was rewarded.

Students who live in glass houses musn't criticise proportions. Use the slate.

How tempting is the eraser!

The stillness of our class has been something remarkable since we lost the privilege of communication.

Now let us show the upper classes that Class A is alive. First, for a class organization. Who will have the "go-aheaditiveness" to start us?

Miss Lyons, of the Cross studio, will receive notes and subscriptions.



Exchanges.

We wish to acknowledge helpful suggestions and material gained from established school papers, especially the Somerville Radiator.

We hope to keep in touch with these papers, and make many other pleasant acquaintances through our Exchange Column.

The Exchanges have been practically crowded out this month for lack of space at the last moment. We intend, however, that in the future they shall occupy a page by themselves.

November Competition.

ONE DOLLAR WILL BE GIVEN
FOR THE BEST COVER DE-
SIGN SUBMITTED BEFORE

Tuesday, November 10, 1903.

The design should be appropriate, artistic, and easy of reproduction.

It must be done in india ink on white paper or card, 10" X 14" vertical, that is, twice the size it will actually be.

The November
"Center of Vision"

WILL BE ON SALE,

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

We solicit Stories, Articles, Headings, Etc.

Bradley's Water Colors



This cut represents our new

High School Color Box

containing 14 pans of semi-moist colors, any two desired from our list of thirty colors, and two good brushes. The cover has six mixing surfaces.

The following boxes are most popular for general School Work.

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No. 12 box contains five whole pans of color selected as follows:

No. 13 box contains four whole pans of color, two of Yellow, and one each of Red and Blue.

We Make Thirty Colors in Tubes and are Headquarters for General Drawing Supplies.

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